

Nearly three weeks had sped its course when I received intimation from the police authorities that a capture of a male and female shoplifter had been effected at Glasgow, and that it might serve to clear up my client's case, which was coming up for trial on the following week.

I took the first express to Glasgow, and through the extreme kindness of the Procurator Fiscal obtained an interview with the prisoners, but they stubbornly declined to enlighten me, and denied all knowledge of the Edinburgh affair.

I did not return empty-handed, for I carried with me photos of the couple.

I called at the drapery establishment, and on presenting them to the sales woman of the gloves department, a smart intelligent young lassie, she unhesitatingly recognized them, and remembered distinctly of the woman purchasing a pair of gloves a little before the theft was detected.

I resolved to lay the whole evidence before the Procurator Fiscal, and ask for a termination of the proceedings. I was agreeably surprised at the P. F.'s compliance with my request, and was still more so when he told me that the house of the Glasgow couple was discovered in Edinburgh and in it innumerable articles of clothing, including two pairs of the missing gloves.

The only mystery now was how one pair of gloves managed to find their way into Miss Kinloss's pocket, but I am pleased to say another week solved that.

After the female thief had stolen the gloves, she passed them to the male cooperator, with the exception of one which she retained for personal use. The man immediately left the shop, and to her intense amazement he had scarcely done so when the alarm rang through the building. Her pick-pocketing adeptness did not forsake her, and in the bustle it was an easy task to perform the trick she accomplished.

Looking over a wide expanse of time, this period stands out in bold relief as a happy and memorable one, for it secured me one permanent advantage in a pure, loving, and honorable wife.

There seated at the window, her mind and hands devoted to some delicate piece of embroidery, is my darling wife, and on a footstool near my feet a miniature specimen of humanity with the same deep brown eyes, her attention eagerly concentrated upon a pretty little frilling of her doll's dress.

SWALLOW SLAUGHTER FOR LADIES' HATS.

"Oh! Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" were the last despairing words addressed just before her execution by poor Madame Roland to the statue of Liberty in front of the scaffold on which so many innocent lives were sacrificed during the French Revolution. Change "Liberty" to "Fashion," and a saying of the same kind might, we fear, form part of the proverbial philosophy of every civilized nation at the present moment. It is reported by our Paris correspondent that a slaughter of swallows on a large scale has been organized along the southern seaboard of France, in the interest of fashion, which decrees that the hapless birds shall be used for the decoration of hats and bonnets worn by elegantly dressed ladies in London, Paris, New York, and every other great city of civilization. The poor little victims are attracted by wires stretched along the Mediterranean coast, upon which they alight after their long and weary flight southward from their summer quarters, and are killed in hundreds by means of electric currents shot along the metal conductors. They are similarly massacred as they fly northward in the spring from the south and east. We had hoped that the vigorous protests made by the humane and thoughtful in every land against the employment of feathers for the purposes of female vanity had made it "bad form"—which is the worst of all social crimes—for ladies to wear the plumage of birds on their heads or in the adornment of their persons. Two or three years since a thrill of horror ran through society in consequence of the published letter of a lady who piteously complained that she had herself seen from three to four hundred kittiwakes and gulls killed at Flamborough Head in Yorkshire, in a single day, and consigned to London "dealers in feathers." The fair correspondent in question indignantly asked whether it was possible for any woman "with a woman's heart" to gaze with approbation at her own charms displayed in a looking-glass, "if the bonnet or hat fixed upon her thoughtless head derived its attractions from the plumage of some unfortunate bird wantonly slain to minister to the wretched cravings of vanity." We had fain believed that the wings of jays, ringdoves, and gulls had given way to the ukases of the mysterious Goddess of Fashion, which enjoined that ribbons, or imitations of fruit, flowers, and cereals, should be the mode among the best milliners of Paris, whose example gives the law to their sisters and congeners all over the world. Yet in the Paris letter of a weekly contemporary we read that ladies' hats were never more in fashion than at present, and that it is customary for young girls at the seaside "to wear a wide-brimmed chapeau of cream tulle, lightly veiled by a film of black tulle, and garlanded with green grapes, into which a swallow of almost black plumage has just flown." Are we to understand that the bird employed for this purpose has been killed by electricity on the Mediterranean coast, and that the wearer of his dead body is a young woman? In his immortal "Song of the Shirt," Thomas Hood long ago reminded us of the woes of the hapless seamstress, who sat in unwomanly rags, "While underneath the eaves the brooding swallows cling, As if to show me their sunny backs, and twit me with the spring." Is it to be imagined that the French modiste watches the swallows under similar circumstances, and thinks of them only as fitting ornaments to the lady's fashionable bonnet or hat? A more innocent and beautiful bird than the swallow it would be hard to find among the feathered creation; and in France of all countries he should be appreciated, as being paraly insectivorous. For beauty of form, swiftness of flight, and love-suggesting analogies he has been the favorite of poets since the day when the Hebrew prophet held him up for an example of

obedience to Divine law—"as the swallows observe their appointed times." In some of the most exquisite lines of Lord Tennyson's "Princess," the fair heroine is introduced as singing a song she had herself made "what time she watched the swallow winging south," and in which the fleet messenger is employed to bear tidings of love, concluding with the apostrophe, "O swallow, flying from the golden woods, Fly to her, pipe, and woo her, and make her mine! And tell her, toll her, that I follow thee." So lovely is the form with which this gentle courier is clothed that nothing is more common than to see him painted at the head of note-sheets prepared for a lady's use, or on the fan which she carries with her to opera or play.

The very worst use to which this swift and beautiful creature can be put is to kill him that gentle woman may appear in his borrowed plumes. And the same may be said of birds generally. Let anyone judge for himself to what extent the earth would suffer were it ever to experience a sensible decline in the numbers of the feathered tribes, which are objects of delight to all observers of nature, and which relieve our woodlands from the silence and stillness that pervade those vast forests in North America and in Russia where the song of birds is never heard. In explanation of the fact that feather decorations have not, as was supposed, ceased to be the rule of fashion, it is whispered that milliners who mould its dictates derive more pecuniary advantage from decking hats and bonnets with rare wings and brilliantly colored breasts of birds than from imitations of flowers, or fruits, berries, or leaves. But are these edicts really irresistible! We venture to think that if a few ladies of distinguished rank and eminent position will set their faces firmly against the practice of having birds killed in order that hats may be embellished, the demand for swallows, seagulls, jays, and grebes will soon cease. There is no reason for interfering with the legitimate trade of the plumassier, who deals in the feathers of the ostrich, the marabout stork, the Indian adjutant, the emu, the peacock, the egret, and other birds which are not required to yield up their lives when deprived of the treasures of their plumage. Nor is there any objection to seeing the glossy wing of a cock pheasant inserted in a lady's hat, as the bird has fallen before the deftly wielded gun of a sportsman who kills him because he is an excellent article of human food. The eider duck, again, which swarms upon Arctic and sub-Arctic shores, is extremely useful to dwellers in cold climates, as three-quarters of an ounce of eider-down will fill a large hat, and yet is so compressible that three pounds of the same elastic material may be held in the palm of a man's hand. But that the harmless wanderers of the air, whose glossy breasts and spangled wings are among the most charming objects in nature, should die that woman may be made more attractive—the very thought is an insult to "Son Altesse, La Femme."—*London Telegraph.*

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